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THE
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fession.

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the eye. OFFICE—Washington street, near
the north-west corner of the Public Square
Winchester, Indiana.

Death of John Burroughs.
LOSANTVILLE, Sept. 7, 1862.

ED. JOURNAL.—Sir: Our com-
munity was thrown into a state of
painful excitement, on yesterday,
by the announcement of the death
of one of our oldest and most re-
pected citizens, John Burroughs.
He had been unwell for some
months, his disease affecting his
head. He, at times, imagined
himself crazy, and told his wife
and sons that he had lost all con-
trol of his mind, and was fearful
that he would commit some deed
that he ought not to do. He cau-
tioned his wife to keep his razor
concealed. Several times he ur-
ged her to kill him, saying that
he had lived long enough, that he
was only a pest to his family,
and would cause them much
trouble if he lived longer.

They assured him that he was
no trouble to them, that they
would care for him, and urged
him to banish such thoughts from
his mind.

Yesterday morning he appear-
ed better, more composed than
usual. After his sons had gone
to the barn to clean some seed
wheat, he asked his wife for his
razor, saying that he would
shave. She told him to wait until
noon when the boys would be
in for dinner and one of them would
shave him, that he could not
shave himself. He answered her
pleasantly, saying that he could
and urged her to get his razor.
She gave it to him. He took it
on the porch, strapped it, laid it
on the table, and then asked her
where his shaving box was. She
told him that it was in its usual
place, in a drawer. He went
and got it, and then stepped into
the house as she supposed to get
the glass, which was his custom.
He staid longer than common on
such occasions, and his wife be-
gan to look for him. She went
on the porch where he had been
preparing to shave, as she
thought, and found the razor was
gone. She then went into the
room where the glass was and in-
quired of his mother if she had
seen him. She told his wife that
he had went out at the west door
to water his calves. [This was
his custom of mornings after
breakfast]. His wife went to see
and found that he was not water-
ing his calves. She then went
to the house of John Burroughs
jr. which was in the yard, and in-
quired of his wife about him.—

She knew nothing of him. She
then ran to an old out building
about twenty paces from the other
house, and ran up stairs; on
coming to the head of the stairs
she saw him, and heard him
struggling in blood. He had cut
his throat severing both jugular
veins, and cutting the windpipe
nearly off. His head was band-
aged, and the razor was in his
right hand by his side. An in-
quest was held over the body,
when the above facts were in evi-
dence.

The deceased was in his 70th
year and had been a resident of
Nettlecreek Township over forty

years. He was a man of noble
and generous impulses; of strong
mind and impeachable personal
character. He had shared all the
hardships of a frontier life, and
had done much to develop the re-
sources of his part of the county.
He had shared with his neighbors
the toils of many log rollings, and
the building of many log cabins.
A man of undoubted veracity and
prompt in the fulfillment of all
his contracts. An excellent
neighbor, a kind husband and
parent, a beneficial benefactor to
the poor. He leaves an aged
mother and widow a large family
of children, [all of whom are
grown] and a numerous circle of
friends and relations to mourn his
untimely end. May he who
tempers the winds to the shorn
lambs and cares for the sparrows,
comfort them in the midst of their
sorrows.

JOSEPH CROUSE.

We find the following in the
Cincinnati Commercial:

News has been received from
General Morgan, at Cumberland
Gap, by the underground railroad.
A portion of his force met and
defeated a party of rebels south of
the Gap, recently, and took several
prisoners, among them General
Allston, of Tennessee. This, we
believe, is reliable.

The report is current in Louisville
that General Bragg is pushing
into Kentucky to support Kirby Smith,
with the main body of his army.
It is likely that he is doing so.
The rebels, undoubtedly, propose to make
Kentucky the battle-ground in the
West; and they hope to make
themselves comfortable in Cincinnati
this winter.

We are informed that private
dispatches were received in the
city yesterday that a squad of
rebels had taken Carrollton, Ky.,
at the mouth of the Kentucky river.
It is a strong secesh town,
and its capture by rebels resembles
the taking of Holland by the
Dutch. There were also rumors
in circulation that the rebels had
occupied Maysville.

Generals Thomas A. Morris
and J. J. Reynolds, of Indiana,
are expected here at once, to assist
in the through organization
and discipline of the Indiana
troops. The situation demands
of them the sacrifice of personal
feeling. It is believed they pos-
sess the magnanimity of disposi-
tion to make the sacrifice cheer-
fully.

General Hunter's Emancipa-
tion Order still in Force.

Gen. Hunter has never received
any official notification of the
President's disavowal of the cele-
brated order No. 11, issued by
him on the 9th of May last.
This being the case, that order,
declaring free all persons in
Georgia, Florida, and South Car-
olina heretofore held as slaves, is
still in full force, and is still act-
ed upon in the Department of the
South.—[Evening Post.]

Read the Gov's proclamation.

The New York Post's Wash-
ington correspondent says as the
news of the recent battles is re-
ceived, it becomes evident to all
intelligent persons that there has
been no such fighting as some of
the despatches sent out describe.
The loss of fifteen or twenty
thousand in killed and wounded
is gradually lessening down to
five or six thousand. It is not
believed at the Surgeon General's
office that the whole number will
not exceed five thousand. As
for the fighting, some of it was
magnificent. That under Sigel
on Friday covered the troops par-
ticipating in it with glory. Per-
haps the less said about the Sat-
urday's fighting the better,
though the bulk of the force en-
gaged behaved finely. The peo-
ple are very enthusiastic over
Sigel and Banks, whenever they
appear on the streets or at the
hotels. At noon on Friday these
two Generals were at a room at
Willard's, looking over a map of
Virginia. General Sigel came
out shortly, and mounted his
horse and rode away on a gal-
lop. As he came from the pri-
vate room into the hall of the ho-
tel, the crowd set up the cry of
"Sigel! There goes Sigel!" And
by the time he had reached the
sidewalk a large crowd was
around him, hurrahing excitedly.
It is noticeable, that whenever a
great public favorite appears, the
prefix of "General" is never ap-
plied to him. The people cry
"Sigel!" "Banks!" and "Burn-
side!" and say nothing as to their
rank. Gen. Sigel is looking very
thin, but in good health. He
and General Banks have plenty
to do just now.—Cin. Gazette.

SIGEL, McDOWEL.—The Volks-
blatt of Sunday contained a letter
purporting to give the particulars
of the difficulty between SIGEL
and McDowell, reported some
days ago. The substance of it
is, that SIGEL, while engaging the
enemy, observed McDowell waving
a handkerchief to the rebels. He
immediately rode up and de-
manded an explanation. The re-
ply being very insulting, SIGEL
resented it with a pistol shot, the
ball striking McDowell's scab-
bard.

This statement purports to
come from an eye-witness of the
occurrence. The Volksblatt also
states that SIGEL, disgusted with
the corruption and inefficiency of
the military commanders in the
East, will resign if not relieved
from service in that quarter.

"I'm particularly uneasy on
this point," as the fly said, when
the boy stuck him on the end of a
needle.

Eighty-eight printers have en-
listed in Albany, under the new
call.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]
"THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER THEE THREE THINGS."
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In poisonous dens, where traitors hide
Like bats that fear the day,
While all the land our charters claim
In swearing blood and breathing flame
Dread to their country's woe and shame
The recreants whisper STAY!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On Love's own altar glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer
Soldier of Freedom, GO!

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where traitors laze and malitia
crouch,
The dreamer, startled from his couch,
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,
And mutters faintly WAIT!

In weary Camps, on tramped plains
That ring with rifle and drum,
The battle host, whose harness gleams
Along the crimson-flowing stream,
Calls like a wailing voice in dreams,
We wait you, Brother! COME!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do,
To go, to wait, to stay?
Sons of Freedom-loving town,
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
Whom shall we the mortal sin,
Whose record is, it might have been?
God calls you—answer Now.

How a Rumor STARTED.—
Gen. Schenck arrived at Willard's
hotel, in Washington, on Thurs-
day, in an ambulance. A crowd
gathered around, and the wounded
hero raising himself up, was
recognized by a gentleman, who
exclaimed: "General, is that
you?" "Yes," replied Schenck
with a smile, and pointing at his
wounded arm, added, "and they
shattered me, too. Some of the
bystanders misunderstanding his
words, set the story in circulation
that Gen. Schenck had reported
that 'our army had been scattered.'
The General was brought
off the field by Capt. Fish of the
Connecticut Cavalry.

To YOUNG MEN.—Two young
men commenced the sail-making
business, at Philadelphia. They
bought a lot of duck from Ste-
phen Girard on credit, and a
friend had engaged to endorse for
them. Each caught a roll and
was carrying it off, when Girard
remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"
"No; it is not far, and we can
carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't
endorse your note. I'll take it
without."

From the Washington Republican.
All our wounded soldiers, to-
gether with officers, and every-
body with whom we conversed,
says our reporter, charge all the
blame of Saturday's defeat to Gen-
eral McDowell. They say he let
Longstreet in through the gap
purposely, and in every way dur-
ing the battle managed to actual-
ly aid the enemy. In short, they
call him a traitor. Now, we
trust that this matter will be in-
vestigated, and sincerely hope it
may not prove true, but that the
General did his best. Certain it
is, there is universal complaint of
Gen. McDowell.